

Articles from our July/August 2017 Magazine.

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READER'S LETTER

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Hayward Court

What do you see?

*What do you see; tell me, what do you see? Who are you seeing when looking at me?
A crabbit old woman, not very wise, uncertain of habit, with far away eyes,
who seems not to notice the things that you do, and forever is losing a stocking or shoe.
Is that what you're thinking? Is that what you see? Then open your eyes, for you're not seeing me.*

*I'll say who I am as I sit here so still, as I rise at your bidding and eat at your will.
I'm a small girl of 10 with a father and mother, sisters and brothers who love one another.
A young girl of 16 with wings on her feet, dreaming that soon her true sweetheart she'll meet;
A bride at just 20, my heart gives a leap, remembering the vows I promised to keep.*

*At 25 now, I have bairns of my own, who need me to build a secure happy home,
A woman of 30, my children grow fast, bound to each other with the ties that should last.
At 40 my grown sons soon will be gone, but my man stays beside me to see I don't mourn.
At 50 once more babies play round my knee, again we know children, my loved one and me.*

*Dark days are upon me, my husband is dead. I look at the future, I shudder and dread.
My children are busy with bairns of their own. I think of the years and the love I have known.
I'm an old woman now, grace and vigour depart, but thousands of memories live in my heart.
Inside it you see, a young girl still dwells, and now and again my tired heart swells.*

*I remember the joy, I think of the pain, and I'm loving and living life over again.
So open your eyes, please open and see – not a crabbit old woman – look closer, see me.*

(Author unknown)

What do I see in my busy life as I flit from one thing to another, as I plan in my head for things yet to do, while I'm busy doing something else in the now!

A lot of my busyness is centred around others, caring, sharing, meeting, which isn't a bad thing, but am I taking time to allow God to show me who people really are?

I'm thinking of those who suffer with dementia as the poem implies, who need that extra understanding, extra patience, to see people as God sees them, as precious and with love, with the outstretched hand of compassion and grace.

I'm also thinking of the elderly in general who move at a slower pace. Many are lonely and just long to have someone to chat with, to share their memories – which are special not only to them but to those they share them with. They need to feel loved and valued, just as we all do.

I was in Formby village the other week and saw an elderly lady with her shopper on wheels having difficulty crossing the road at a pelican crossing. I helped her across, chatted for a while and took her to the shop she was going to after exchanging names - then I went on my way 'busy' way. We bumped into each other again and I learned she'd been widowed eighteen years and lived in a flat without family nearby. So we stood and chatted a while longer then went our separate ways, both of us being cheered by our encounter.

It wasn't until I got home that I thought, why didn't I ask if she wanted to go for a drink? Do we make room in our lives for the elderly we know, or those we come across by chance?

The elderly in our families, in our churches, in our community have given a lot in their long lives and still have a lot to give.

Of course we're not all sweet natured and easy to get along with and that includes the elderly. But Jesus died for us all without exception and wants us to share his love with all people.

Ask Jesus to help us to see the elderly, the infirm, those with troubled minds as he sees them - and make a difference.

God bless us in our relationships, especially in the relationship he invites us to have with him.

Jean Watts

THE FIRST C OF E DEACONESS

In 1825 in a house in Bloomsbury, London, a girl was born into a Huguenot family; the baby was destined to be an important figure in C of E circles during the Victorian age and right up to the present day. Her parents were Daniel Ferard and Elizabeth Clementson, and their daughter was also named Elizabeth. Little is known of her upbringing, but her father, Daniel, who was a solicitor and not very wealthy, died when she was only 4. And when she was 8 years old, her 33 year old invalid mother also died.

Elizabeth was now free to pursue her own life; so in 1885 she went to Germany to explore deaconess communities there. She was lucky enough to have had the encouragement of Archibald Tait, the Bishop of London in the development of her faith; he also helped her financially, Later on, the then Archbishop of Canterbury also supported her. She visited a German Lutheran Deaconess community founded by Theodor Fliedner in Kaiserswerth. It was becoming the custom, in the nineteenth century, for the deaconesses to reside in a community while they actually took part in the performance of their duties, which were to look after the sick and suffering as well as to do religious teaching.

Elizabeth was blessed in having a wealthy priest, Reverent Thomas Pelham Dale, related to her; he was able, along with some other benefactors, to help her to found the North London Deaconess Institution in Burton Crescent (today known as Cartwright Gardens), King's Cross, during 1861. In 1873, because of the then high demand for space and as most of Somers Town was required for the new St Pancras railway yards, the community moved to Westbourne Park. That community was re-named as the Deaconess Community of Saint Andrew in 1943.

On 18 July 1862, Elizabeth Ferard was ordained Deaconess. She now went on to found a community of not just deaconesses, but one which included religious sisters. To start with she worked in the King's Cross area until 1873 when she moved on to Notting Hill from where she taught and practised nursing in Bloomsbury, Notting Hill, King's Cross and Somers Town. Sadly later in that same year, she was forced to resign her charge of the Diocesan Deaconess Institution because of health problems. Elizabeth left the area and went to Redhill, where she eventually took charge of, and ran, a children's convalescent home. It was on 18 April 1883, whilst residing in 16, Fitzroy Square, London, that she passed on to the next life. In some Anglican churches she is celebrated, or remembered, on other dates - in Holy Week or July 3rd.

The Deaconess Communities were founded for women who wanted to do work in the Church, but did not wish to take any formal vows; however, in 1987 four Sisters of the Deaconess Community of Saint Andrew were ordained in Bristol as well as seven Sisters in London, and three of them, were ordained as Priests in 1994!

Colin Trollope

Visit of Rwandans to St. Luke's.

For two weeks in May we had two visitors from Rwanda. They were Augustin, Bishop of Kivu diocese and Anthony, pastor of Shyira parish which is in Kivu diocese. The main purpose of the visit was very simple – to maintain and build on friendships that have developed over the years. Additional to that there was several items of what may be described as business that needed to be conducted.

Readers of this magazine will know that ever since the first visits from St. Luke's to Shyira in 2000 and 2001 there has been a concern for maternity services. Following the genocide the maternity section of the hospital, built in 1938, was left derelict. St Luke's people raised money for a new building and that was opened in 2004. With the formation of the Shyira Trust money was raised to train two nurses as midwives and maternity services were transformed. The maternity hospital became very popular and the more recent decision of the Government of Rwanda to include maternity services in a new hospital was welcome.

The new hospital has cost about £5 million, and the diocese was expected to contribute to the cost if it was to be retained as a church facility. Bishop Augustin was able to tell us how he had been able to get the church's share of the cost reduced from about £1 million because the government had a very short timescale on the building. All the church had to do was purchase the land and rehome people who may be living on the land. The cost was £125,000, with £42,000 already provided by the Trust. A 10-year loan had been taken out for £90,000 but the hospital retains its Christian ethos, this extending over the health centres it serves.

It was good to meet with Dr Sheila Gould who had been a toddler living in Shyira when the first hospital was opened by the King of Rwanda in 1938. Her parents were in Shyira as CMS medical missionaries and had been responsible for the building of the hospital. Dr Gould met with Bishop Augustin and Anthony one Saturday afternoon, and took part in the morning service at St. Luke's the following day.

Bishop Augustin had not been sure how a hospice should be operated. He has suitable buildings in Shyira, but no experience so a visit to Queenscourt Hospice was organised. We are grateful to the staff of the hospice for the help they gave. There are now evolving plans to develop a community hospice in Shyira, starting small and extending as experience is gained.

Both Bishop Augustin and Pastor Anthony spent time in Schools. These include St Philip and St Paul with Wesley in Southport, a morning assembly at St. Luke's with Harvie, and quite a lot of time in Range High. They were both involved in a Range RE class, answering questions about a variety of subjects from faith to the genocide. Anthony spent 5 mornings in range presenting the morning assembly.

We are grateful to the many people who gave time to make the visit a success. Our guests were entertained to lunch or dinner by different people, taken shopping, took part in a coffee morning, provided with accommodation and transport and went on a day out to the Lake District, all thanks to the hospitality of people from St Luke's and from Southport.

A key part of our friendship with Shyira is the parish link between St. Luke's and St. Mark's churches. Anthony stayed in the vicarage with Harvie and Sally for his first week here and that enabled them to discuss the link and ways of strengthening it. There was also a formal meeting between Shyira Trust trustees, Harvie and other church members and our guests to discuss achievements so far and future plans.

When travelling here Bishop Augustin and Anthony had one suitcase each but they had a baggage allowance of two suitcases. That was useful because we were able to send knitted baby clothes and blankets back to Rwanda with them, but perhaps not as much as we hoped. They had each been shopping for gifts to take home and they needed space in the donated suitcases to take the gifts.

At the recent Shyira Trust AGM we heard about future plans for the work in Rwanda. The most immediate event is to be the opening of the new hospital on 4th July. Jane and Peter Morgan will be there and will report back to us all via a newsletter that will contain more details about plans for the future, particularly related to the wish for the Shyira hospital to become a regional centre for a variety of treatments, orthopaedics for example.

Allan Hobson.

ONCE UPON A TIME NEVER COMES AGAIN

Do you like Frank Sinatra? Barbara does and plays his CDs when I'm not around and keeps a couple in the car for journeys down to the family. I don't listen to the music much but I try to catch the lyrics to see what's going on. The lyrics of most popular music are puerile to say the least. But Sinatra's are better than most. For instance he has a song in his album, 'September of My Years,' (1965) entitled 'Once upon a time,' words by Alec Wilder and Bill Engvick, which caught my attention.

Once upon a time
A girl with moonlight in her eyes
Put her hand in mine
And said she loved me so,
But that was once upon a time.

A sentiment far above the usual dross and what's more it goes on:-

Once upon a time
The world was sweeter than we knew.
Everything was ours,
How happy we were then
But somehow once upon a time
Never comes again.

Sentimental stuff? Yes but there is something more here. The lyrics speak of someone looking back on life with perhaps a bit of wishful thinking included. It's here that my past kicks in and old friends from years ago come rushing to my aid. Both Greeks from 4th to 5th centuries BC. First up is Heraclitus with the thought that, 'You can't step into the same river twice,' Meaning step in a second time and it's a different river and you are a different person. A modern version would be, 'You can't turn back the clock.' My second old friend from student days is Epicurus who more than ever now sits on my shoulder with his wisdom. He tells me that instead of looking back I should think instead of how lucky I am to have an old age, so cherish it! Wow, that something! The old boy didn't believe in the gods which along with his including women (and sometime prostitutes) in his classes, got up the noses of the great and mighty in Athens. He taught in a garden and talked a great deal about old age. Given that he believed that life was random (and so it is) he taught that if you achieved old age then you should cherish it and not always be looking back and saying 'it was not like that when I was young'.

You have time, he taught, to look for simple pleasures in old age without the pressures of a hectic life. One of the things that made me change gear all those years ago - when I travelled to the old Exchange Station in the early mornings when working at Tate and Lyle after National Service - wasn't so much the chap who fell into the train every morning at Hightown and proceeded to put on his collar and tie, tie up his shoelaces and take out his breakfast but the poster on Waterloo platform which proclaimed, 'Do you live for the weekend?' Well, I jolly well did! So with that and other life changing events at the time I changed track in life. Now in old age I use my shaded greenhouse as an Epicurean Sanctuary with the bird table as my class room! What a blessing! An old desk, a plastic garden chair, a radio, my books, a spy hole in the shaded glass to watch the birds. A visit from Rob my Robin friend who comes inside the greenhouse for his mealworms and who is in and out of my feet as I dig the vegetable raised-bed. He sits on the fork handle a couple of feet away and looks intently at me. 'Did I know you in a past life?' flits through my head! Barbara brings me a cup of tea and looks round my Sanctuary (better word for an old priest than a Den!) to see if she can see the half bottle of whisky she thinks I'm hiding but my tomatoes leaves do not give up their secret! I sit and watch things grow especially young Rowan (A Rowan Tree) whom I pulled out from between some paving stones at a friend's as a seedling. He is now three feet high in his latest pot! So on the whole I feel happy and fulfilled and think of the man who came to Epicurus fearful of death. 'Don't worry' Epicurus told him. When it happens you won't be there!

So let me tell you a modern version of Epicurus' teaching on old age. A Greek entrepreneur who had made a fortune in America came back to visit the island of his birth. He noticed an old man sitting on a wall looking out to sea and sipping ouzo. He pointed to an olive grove behind the wall which hadn't been worked for years. 'Who owns that,' he asked the old man who replied that he did. 'Don't you pick the olives at their peak? Don't you realise the price of virgin olive!' he remonstrated. 'You could have made a fortune, built a big house, had servants. The old man replied, 'And then what would I have done?' The entrepreneur raised his hands to the sky, 'You could have done anything you wanted!' The old man mused, 'You mean, like sit on a wall, watch the sea and sip ouzo?'

I said earlier that Epicurus' teaching and that of Jesus four hundred odd years later had things in common. However Barbara's dictionary says that Epicurus was a hedonist bent on the pleasures of life. Those lies were put about by his Athenian enemies because he invited women and prostitutes into his garden school for counselling. He was also branded an atheist because he didn't believe in the Greek gods. Jesus was likewise branded 'A glutton and a wine bibber' by the Pharisees. He was certainly no kill joy and welcomed women into his band of followers - including one who the New Testament infers was a former prostitute.

So in the end I have a soft spot for the old philosopher who taught me not to dwell on the past and to live with simple pleasures as I grow older. But in the end Jesus and not Epicurus gives me the hope that there is new life at the end of the road!

Revd Roy Baker

ST. LUKE'S PRIMARY SCHOOL NEWSLETTER

What a busy few weeks we have all had! We had a great time on our residential trip to Stratford-upon Avon. We went to: Trentham Gardens on Sunday; the RSC on Monday evening for a performance of Antony and Cleopatra; Shakespeare's birthplace on Tuesday; on Wednesday we came back via Warwick Castle (and then McDonalds for our dinner!). Everyone – even the teachers, we think! – had a great time; it was definitely the best trip we have ever had at St Luke's!

We have been back at school for a week, and even though we only have a short time until we are finished at St Luke's, there are still lots of things for us to do!

This week we have: run our races at sports day; started our DT fairground rides project; thought about our end-of-year services at church; organised a WaterAid charity day; and half of the class have been on their transition visit to Formby High School.

On Monday the girls' football team took part in a football tournament on the 3G pitches by Tesco in Formby. We played against 12 other teams and we never even lost a game! We won the tournament and each received a medal and a trophy. We were all ecstatic to win! Thanks to Mrs Gilham and Paul Steiger, who have been great coaches throughout the year!

This week we are preparing for our end-of-year service at the Anglican Cathedral: writing prayers, learning hymns, and thinking about thanksgiving and the Eucharist. The service is asking all schools that are attending the service to support the WaterAid charity – so we decided to organise a WaterAid day, asking everyone at St Luke's to support the charity by wearing blue mufti. WaterAid is a really important charity; it raises money for people around the world who do not have easy access to a clean and dependable supply of water.

As well as preparing for the service, we have also begun our preparations for our leavers' show: getting into groups with friends and beginning to think about our own performances.

These are our last few weeks at St Luke's and we are all going to enjoy every last minute of it.

Written by Jess Lynch and Maisie Cox.

RANGE HIGH SCHOOL

As I begin to put together this article on behalf of Range High School, I feel a sense of relief from the dreadful terrorist attacks in Manchester and London and all the squabbling going on over Brexit and the results of the recent General Election.

Mrs Plumbley's Year 9 English group have put themselves in the shoes of refugees, with the following poem by student Sophie Stevens stirring hearts and minds:

Hold My Hand

*We are refugees
You can't write truthfully about us;
But we want you to know
We would not wish this upon anyone
But we wish you knew.
You knew our pain,
Our sorrow,
Our grief,
And our loss.
We do not wish for you,
To experience this too
But we wish you knew.
Maybe one day this world will understand,
Maybe one day someone will hold my hand,
As I stand over my son's grave
For he was taken by the wave
Across the ocean
To another land
Where no one could understand
Where no one held his hand.
As he slipped away,
On that solemn day
I made it my job
To make the world stop
And think.....
What if it was you?
Would you do the same too?*

Sophie Stevens

On a lighter and brighter note, Mrs Swift (Art Technician) recently spent a week at St Luke's CE Primary



School as one of their 'Artists in Residence' for their biannual Arts Week, working with classes in years 4, 5 and 6. A 'story telling' wall mural was produced by some year 5 and 6 artists based on their favourite book characters. Some fabulous artwork was also created by year 4 and 6 classes inspired by the work of author and illustrator, *Eric Carle*, whom all knew from his *Hungry*

Caterpillar books. Numerous snakes, crickets and chameleons were carefully constructed, painted and collaged. Year 5 made some beautiful dream-catchers (hanging handmade loops decorated to let good dreams through and to catch the bad dreams) and learnt about Native American traditions and legends.

The children undoubtedly loved the experience, as sadly, the primary school curriculum sees the decline of expressive/creative subjects like art, music, drama and sport; all crucial to the development of any child's wellbeing.



Machu Picchu – I bet you don't know where that is? Well, 11 students and two members of staff from Range could tell you, as during last summer holidays they spent 23 days travelling around Peru, completing their expedition towards their Gold Duke of Edinburgh Award*. As well as finding the 'lost' city of *Machu Picchu* their expedition also involved a four day trek through the *Sacred Valley* and climbing altitudes of 4600 metres in the Andes, experiencing the local culture at first hand by helping with traditional farming methods, visiting volcanic springs, *Aguas Calientes*, *Cuzco*, and the capital, *Lima*.

(**Bear Grylls*, Chief Scout and international adventurer, is currently promoting links between scouting and schools and encouraging young people to undertake expeditions of all kinds– www.futureprepared.org.uk).

Range was honoured to be chosen to host the English Schools' Athletics Association National Cross Country Finals on Saturday 3rd December. Students in years 7-10 from all over the country took part over a course covering the school grounds and adjacent sand dunes. Organisation for the event took over two years and it was a huge sporting and logistical success. The competition is for Junior (under-14) and Intermediate (under-16) age groups, boys and girls. Teams from Range have reached the National Finals on two previous occasions. Famous participants in the recent past have included *Alastair Brownlee*, *Jessica Ennis-Hill*, *Greg Rutherford* and *Mo Farah*. "A great venue and a fantastic course" said one teacher from Bedford.



Students take part before the end of this summer term in *Matthew's Mile*, a fundraising event in aid of the Teenage Cancer Trust. The event is a one mile annual charity run/walk in memory of *Matthew Miller*, who sadly died 10 years ago and who attended Range between 2002 until 2006. The school is delighted to have raised over £5,500 for this year's anniversary event already and around £32,500 for the Trust over the past 10 years (one of the highest amounts raised by any school). Ms Burns, Head of Derby House (Matthew's House), was invited last autumn to attend a celebration and thank you event in Manchester for supporters of the Trust. She was able to meet some of the inspirational Teenage Cancer Trust team who care for young people with cancer every day. Matthew himself was indeed inspirational.



Last May saw visits to the school of two special guests from Shyira, Rwanda - *Bishop Augustin* and *Pastor Anthony*, also Head Teacher of the local secondary school, Groupe Scolaire. They were both given a tour of the school by senior staff. Pastor Anthony gave brief presentations to different year group assemblies throughout the week, observed lessons and met the school's Student Council. As well as encouraging further fundraising for the Shyira Trust (see elsewhere in this issue for their two-week visit to Formby in connection with the work of the Trust) the purpose was also to rekindle reciprocal links between the two schools, initially established several years ago. Their visit

was well received by the school and seeds for the development of future links sown.

After the horrors of the recent terrorist attacks, a glimpse of what our local secondary school is doing with its extra-curricular life restores belief in the fruitfulness of humanity. We witness the good, compassionate and positive side of life being embraced by youngsters and their teachers; our future as a Nation will be the richer for it. We are in safe hands.

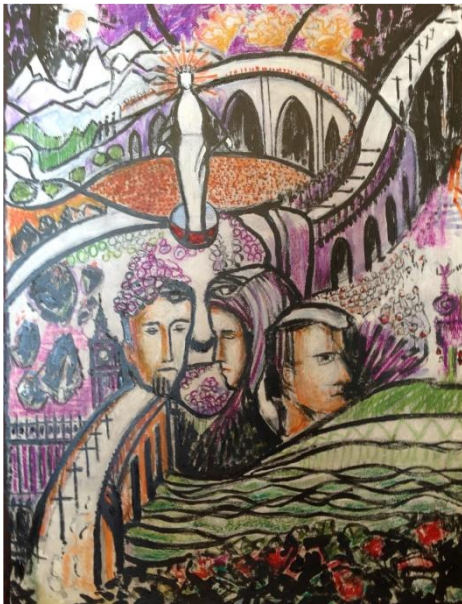
For a fuller picture of extra-curricular life at Range, have a look at their website (www.range.sefton.sch.uk) or peruse "Within Range", a termly online publication with paper copies available from the school reception on request at no charge.

My thanks go to Miss Laura Taylor (Marketing and Admin Assistant) in the selection of items and pictures for this short article.

Ken Davies

ALL TOGETHER NOW

I suppose I am one of many millions around the world who, on August 15th, celebrate the Feast of the Assumption of the Virgin Mary. Again, it is another subject for artists of the Renaissance such as Raphael and Jacopo della Quercia.



But here's a mystery; where is her body, her grave; where the remains; where the tangible tokens of Mary's existence; the most important woman in Christianity? With Jesus there is tradition often depicted by artists - the True Cross, the Shroud, special places, but after the Ascension there is little or no references to what happened to Mary.

One would assume that as with any totalitarian government, they would want to stamp out hero veneration or dissenters, male or female. What is more important to the authorities in Palestine, Roman or Sanhedrin, after trying to exterminate Christ's followers, it would be a coup to capture Jesus's mother but there is no record of this. Where did she go; where and with whom did she live? Did the disciples persuade her to seek a secret life with companions such as Mary Magdalen? Did Joseph of Arimathea help? Was she an asylum seeker in Roman occupied southern Gaul as legend might have it? Wherever there was Roman rule she would be searched for.

It seems that she would be in her senior years when disciples sent word around the Mediterranean that the blessed mother was in decline. All those who could, those scattered apostles who still lived would journey to be with Mary at her death. Did James come from Santiago; John from Greece, Thomas from the east to then witness her being 'assumed' into heaven as many Paintings show? The girl who once said 'my soul proclaims the greatness of The Lord because he has looked upon his lowly handmaid.'

From the Book of the Apocalypse she is 'A woman clothed with the sun, the moon beneath her feet, and a crown of twelve stars on her head.'

I've been to Lourdes on The Feast of the Assumption on a scorching day. The arena was packed, people spread into the outlying streets and up the wooded hills, faces like dots in a newspaper photograph.

July is usually associated with Jesus and such phrases as Sacred Heart, Sacré Coeur, Precious Blood. I write this on a wild day of rain as the trees discuss the wind and the sun hides from its pretence of summer and its dots which I see. Thousands of faces in massive crowds in oval arenas, places as different as cheese and hotspots, one in Lourdes the other in Manchester.

In both places exuberance threatened the sky, the latter where mourning turned to joy. There were, as in London, the trappings of religiosity and devotion - candles, flowers, hands cupped in supplication. In shrine and pop-shrine we, the whole world, were urged to love one another by prelates and pop-stars; a Jesus message uttered in agony from the cross to Mother and a disciple, a message transfigured into city streets.

On TV there has been a programme by classical musician Howard Goodall on the making of that classic - Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Heart-Club Band. . 'all together now'.

A few days later, after those savaged were commemorated by the surging celebration, came those who were consumed in the greater agony of fire.

The ikon shows bridge, tower of Westminster, falling ashes, flowers, riverside, turbulence of the heavens, arenas and many thousands of people united in prayer, grief, every colour of emotion.

There is the Mother in Assumption, a crescent of moon, three ordinary human beings standing in defiance against evil.

It is in the hope of some form of resurrection and re-uniting with lost loved ones that people are spiritually lifted. And ... Yes; it is 'altogether now'.

Ikon images Distilled from the above. Panel 18x24inches - acrylics inks pastels.

John Hart